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BECAUSE I LOVE YOU SO MUCH
HAVE CREATED YOU TO EMBRACE
EVERY LITTLE PART OF YOU

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

THEY sever the cord brutally
in their life-giving hands.
A filthy habit.
Red-hot, it is thrown to the
side and slides, clammy-hot,
beneath the table.
The knife is placed between
us.
The initiation rite is com-
plete. Only the cry cuts the
head, to bury deep and linger.
They have laboured long to
separate the other. In their
duty, we are left to lie
alone, gently breathing.
It lays pulsating beneath
the table. It was never de-
tached enough.
It hangs, parasitic, to the
body.
The serpent moves, to embrace,
it is the death knot of our
dutiful love and obedience.
The shedding was an illusion.
In their eagerness to give
us life, they gave us theirs.
The initiation rite was
wrong, was death.
The baby drops into the bin,
beneath the table.
The serpent lives, to define
our death. It grows so pale,
it is hard to distinguish.
The teaching is complete
when all trace has vanished.
Only the marks remain.
Only the remains are felt.
Joyfully we step from the
room, to celebrate our loss.
The serpent grows warm. It
fattens and pulls us closer.
The FAMILY.

The room.

We are all contained within
its walls. The conditions
are set. There is no escaping
the blood. It is thicker than
water. Thick, sticky and black.
We are forced to kneel
through the weight of it.
YOU are MY mother MY father.
YOU are MY son MY daughter.
YOU are MY husband MY wife.
YOU are MINE.

I am YOURS.

The serpent is not dead, it
is only sleeping.
The nightmare is the force
of its reality. We are
tightly bound by the vision.
We must learn to submit, not
to survive.
The serpent pulls tighter.
We must be willing to



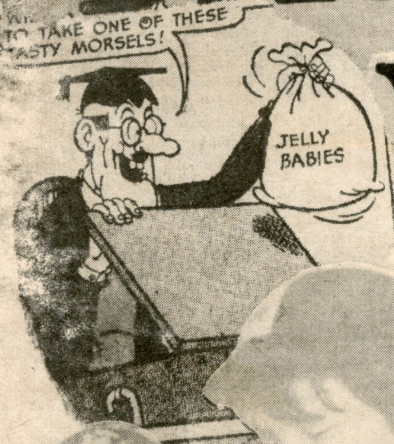
possess and be possessed.
Beneath the table, the
withered cord pumps, cold,
laying like some discarded
snakeskin.
The air thickens. The density
is suffocating. There is no
room to see.
Life is life never realised.
Tighter. Tighter.
We must, finally, sublimate
all love and life for theirs.
There can be no meeting.
The serpent writhes in its
joy of life. We can not
breathe. It pumps a sickening
air in its attempt to regain
the submission. It tightens
still and the cry is heard.
The knife is between us.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE



INSIDE: EVEREST, SINGLE-HANDED. AN
ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT

They'll just make you feel that way.



*I'm a little butterfly
born in a bower
christened in a
keapot.
died in half
an hour.*

Returning to the school years later, the building is empty, after hours. Among the scale of things designed for children the air is crushed as in a cathedral. From this cage hands gesticulate limited patterns, wild gestures filed down to subtle silence. An ink blot defiles a neat paper. Anguish develops in the late hours, darkness, wolves under the bed fire adrenalin, the inevitability of the next day subdues fear to a dull pitch of anxiety.

The next day, entry into that environment, assault on eye and sensitivity, bizarre colours fluctuate from room to room, puce and lemon, green, pale blue cold cream red. Small gingham curtains hang from half way up the window blocking a dismal view. Inside, inside, side by side, the profiles of the children stretch backwards in historical succession. Permission and regulation. Regularity by bell and clock. Three times the reply is no. He unbuttons his trousers and pisses by the teachers' desk. A dull unassuming child, he bears the poison of reprisal with the same functional attitude of needing to piss. He carries it like the bucket of sawdust the janitor brings in to cover the incident. As an object of ridicule he becomes quietly cruel.

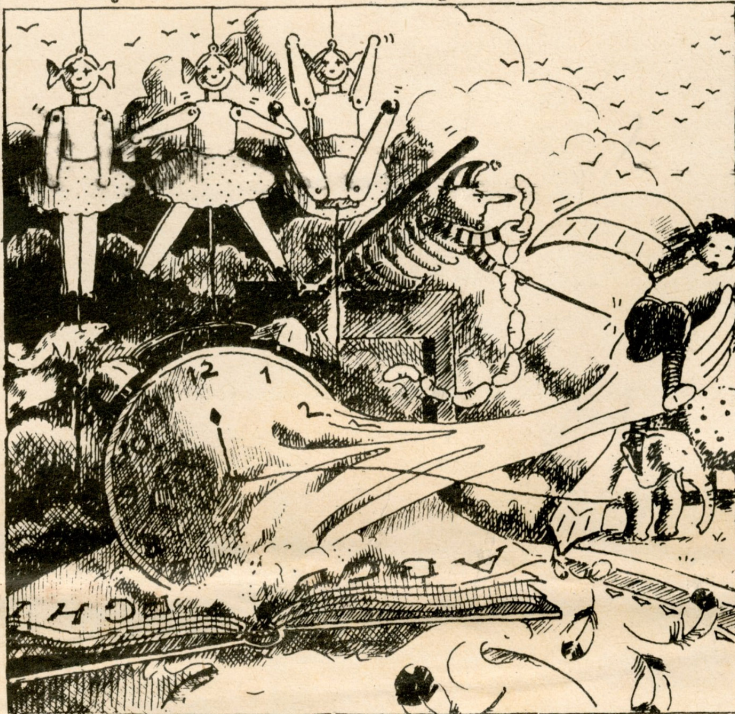
Competition soaks every action. The children misbehave dividedly. Two hundred children and nine adults hide from each other. Routine wanes and winds up, hours speed and grind like passing sirens, books spread open reveal nothing, the gestures of their teachers educate more effectively. In the unsubtle silence reflections go unquestioned, they grow, poorly watered plants in an air of dishonesty.

The desks are arranged to form tunnels. This man has a game worked out, a boy slipping for a moment, a discord in HIS composition, is sent crawling through the tunnel, goaded and kicked by classmates and on reaching the other end, beaten. The children, divided into girl and boy learn the arts of betrayal and humiliation, of jealousy and possession. Locked doors are understood. Under the thumb guilt flourishes like poison ivy. Heartbeat urging legs to run, late, late, already the rest have answered to their names, taken their places. Made conspicuous by the ringing of the bell fading she is strung up like a blackbird by a gamekeeper, the deterrent to keep the heart shouting, wolves under the bed can be leapt over, the soft bed receives, here the thorns lacerate.



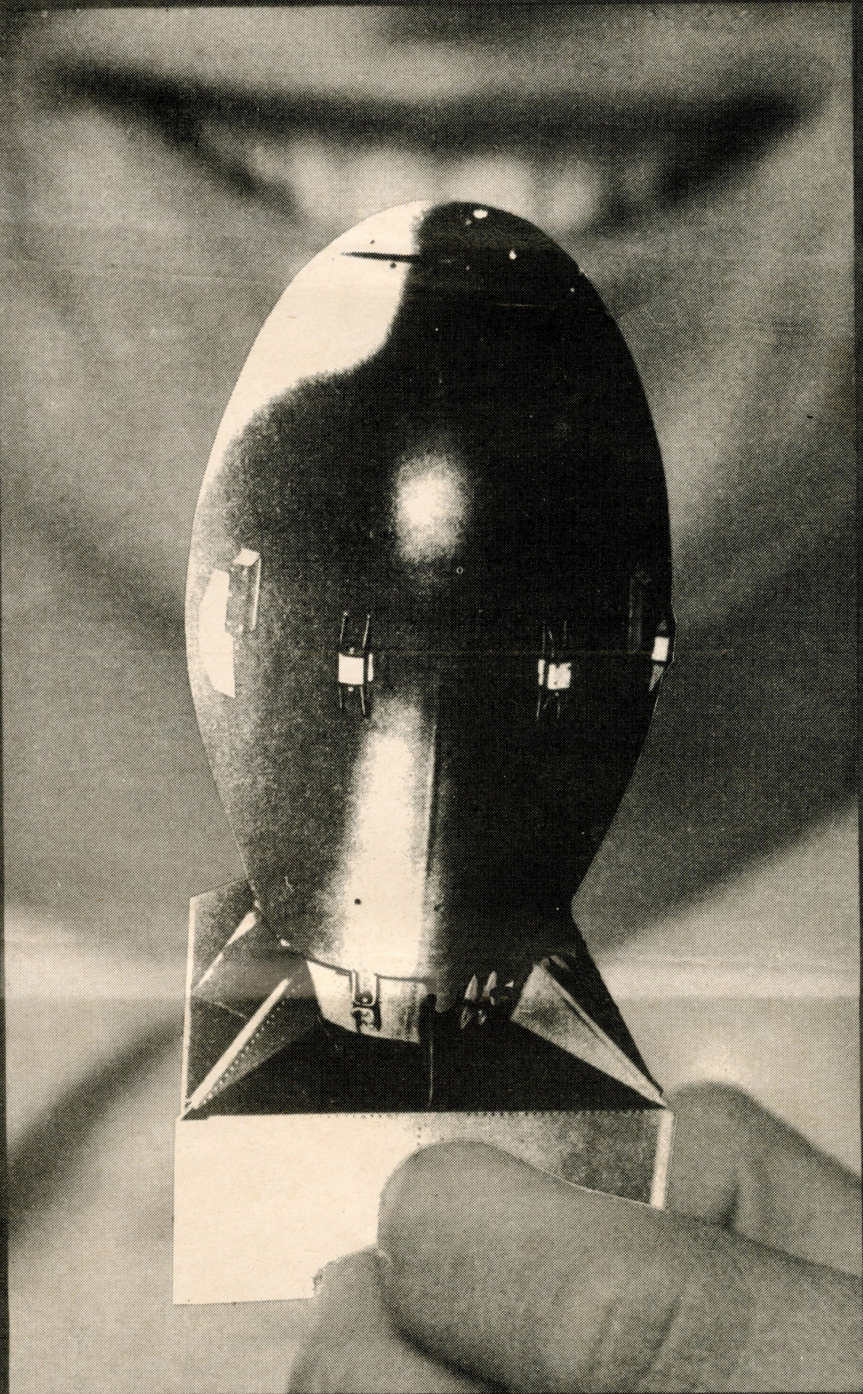
The spot a boy grows up with...

shadows hover like thunderbolt presences. Ten minutes before bedtime the children fold their arms upon the desks, rest their heads. Pretend sleep, waiting for the temporary refuge at home that never extends but always goes round with the clock. The arms that could embrace are glued upon a faceless monument. Time spins like a slow saucer occurring uncaring where it spills. Will the knowledge kill me then, isolated from any truth yet constantly exposed to lies. Gently she rests her hand on the cats' stomach. Claws reach out to turn away the touch. Seen as reprisal not



honesty, touches become marks of doubt. Intended to be as smooth as machine components in someones ivory tower. When ivory is left upon the elephant...no...the body crumples in the dust. Automatically given flesh to eat, man lives by death alone, the fear of it locks them in amber, a ritual is performed on the bodies, the surgery that gave every chance left none. Method, model, moral, birds fly in fairy books, barbaric sophistication nullifies approach except by bullet, sting and stone,

to possess, belong, longing. Catch it, catch it, a hard ball wont hurt you if you catch it right. Use your hands properly. Dirty hands, the boy stands out by his coating of grime. From their clean homes the other children despise him. Obscured by prejudice he sits alone. Running away from the ball, from ugly faces pushing, from the game, from every vile assault, senses clashing violently in opposition. Stupid stupid game I shall not..not..rooted to the spot the ball strikes the earth at her feet. Imaginative, she's so imaginative. Fantasies to lift me out of here like helicopters rumble overhead, untouchable oppressive dreams. One way, only one, inability to produce, why give any taste of possibility when virtue must have angels wings before recognition. From incubator to institution, life encumbent with gaping holes. Consuming greedily to fill the holes as if they promised more, substitutes for something only hinted at in the casts of eyes, buried beneath an interplay of doctrines, what is best what is best is best. Adapted admirably. Ticking over, fucked over. A benevolent schemer smiles at the twisted forms through the window. Men to lead men to be led. The babies lay in numbered cots. You caused me such pain. You were conceived in love. Reproach. Approach. Reality descends in bruising blows. Fences raised and dogs roaming. The school playground terminates at a locked gate. The lonely units, the hiding places. Discovered kissing in a forbidden room. Discovered pissing up the wall. Covering the rainbow. They satisfy each other with horror tales, trading fear like marbles, betraying and seducing one another. In the bedroom she shows me with a knitting needle and doll. A bird flies in through the window to batter itself against the wall. The children in their turn, learn to covet lies.



Le nouveau sablé-chocolat au lait en forme de doigt.

after about a month of this, with the evening meal being brought in each day at just about the time that the smell of death came floating in, I began to have a queer craving for the smell, and my appetite was better than ever. Apparently my appetite had somehow become stimulated by the smell of burning corpses.



I am not he, nor master
nor lord, no crown to
wear, no cross to bear,
in stations. I am not
he, nor shall be, war-
lord of nations. These
heroes have run before
me, now dead upon the
flesh-piles, see?
waiting for their

promised
resurrection;
there is none.
Nothing but
the marker,
crown or cross,
in stone, upon
these graves.
Promise of the
ribbon was all
it took, where
only the strap would
leave it's mark upon
these slaves. What flag
to thrust into this
flesh, rag, bandage, mop,
in their flowing death.
Taken aside they were
pointed away, for god,
queen and country, now



gnashed upon me, and
their teeth.
17 Lord, how long
thou look on? rescue
soul from their desti-
tutions, my darling
18 Let them not say in
their hearts, Ah, so
would we have it: let
them not say, We have
about:
in his heart; none of
steps shall slide.
32 The wicked watch
the righteous, and see
water, and all my bones
are out of joint: my
heart is like wax; it is
melted in the midst of
bowels.
15 My strength is dried
not confounded.
6 But I am a worm, and
no man; a reproach of
men, and despised of
the people.
21 Yea, they opened
their mouth wide against
me, and said, Aha, aha,
our eye hath seen it.
10 Their fruit shall
destroy from the earth
and their seed consume
among the children: surely
men, but I am a worm,
took me out of my
womb: thou didst make
me as a fiery oven.
time of thine anger: the
LORD shall swallow them
up in his wrath, and
devour them.
enemies shall be cut off.
The righteous shall
bless thy name, O LORD,
forever and ever.

in silence they lie.
They ran before
these masters,
children of sorrow,
as slaves to that
trilogy, they had no
future. They
believed in demo-
cracy, freedom of
speech, yet dead on

the flesh-
piles I hear
no breath, I
hear no hope
no whisper
of faith, for
those that
have died for
some others
privilege.
Out from your
palaces, princes and
queens, out from
your churches you
clergy you christ's,
I'll neither live
nor die for your
dreams, I'll make
no subscription
to your paradise.

22 The LORD redeemeth
the soul of his servants:
and none of them that
trust in him shall be
go mourning all the day
long.
7 For my loins are filled
with a loathsome disease:
and there is no soundness
in my flesh.
26 Let them
and brought to confusion
together that rejoice at
mine hurt: let them be
as
digged for
8 Let destructio-
are sick, my cloth-
and hid out with
rejoice over
my foot slip;
magnify them
against me.
17 For
adamed
t silent.
But thou art holy,
ou that inhabitest
nises of Israel
3 Draw out also
spear, and stop
against them that
speak to me: say
me: they shall
them that are
y in not good;
ne abhor
hou not evil.
5 Thy mercy, O
is in thine, and
of judgement.
The law of
to their
11 For they iniquity fallen: they
evil against thee: able to rise,
imagined a mischief,
device, which they were
able to perform.
12 Therefore
make them:
upon his bed,
himself in a
I was dumb,
they hid for
in a pit, which
cause my soul.
10 Remove
away from
them be as chaff
the wind: and let
del of the LORD
Chiem.
their way be dark
perery: and let th
of the LORD pers
make them:
abundance
O LORD: keep not
ence: O Lord, be not far
from me.
23 Stir up thyself, and
awake to my judgment,
even unto my cause, my
cause.

the flesh-
piles I hear
no breath, I
hear no hope
no whisper
of faith, for
those that
have died for
some others
privilege.
Out from your
palaces, princes and
queens, out from
your churches you
clergy you christ's,
I'll neither live
nor die for your
dreams, I'll make
no subscription
to your paradise.

13 Be
of my heart.
9 Lord, all my desire is
before thee; and my
groaning is not hid from
thee.
10 My heart panteth,
my stretched remove me:
pedere are the workers
7 All they un-
laugh me to scorn:
shoot out the lip,
shake th
closed me: cut down like
my hands and wither a
17 I may herb
bones: they 3 Trust in the
stare upon me do good: so
18 They parldwell in the
at him: for he
his day is coming.
14 The wicked have
drawn out the sword, and
have bent their bow, to
cast down the poor and
needy, and to slay such as
from the woman: not the rep
my God from
mother's belly.
11 Be not far from me:
for trouble is near: for
there is no
Let not them that are
mine enemies wrongfully
rejoice over me: neither
let them wink with the
eye that hate me without
a cause.
O not in thy wrath:
neither chasten me in thy
hot displeasure.
2 For thine arrows stick
fast in me, and thy hand
my hurt

palaces, princes and
queens, out from
your churches you
clergy you christ's,
I'll neither live
nor die for your
dreams, I'll make
no subscription
to your paradise.



...Humanity is outraged in me and with me. We must not dissimulate nor try to forget this indignation which is one of the most passionate forms of love. George Sand.

FOR HE SO
LOVED
THE WORLD



EVEREST:AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT.THE DEATH OF IMAGINATION.
Version I.

The birth is a long and painful ordeal.
Some by the needle.Some the water.Some by the fire.
There is NO mid-wife pres nt.
Purged,thou.
The child is wedged,head-first,in the pelvic-basin.
He watches the tufts of blue smoke rise from the stove.Even the oven in his indifference.A house-fly settles on the polished surface of the table.He swats it away touching only the reflection.
Titanic blocks.
Herculean blades.
TEMPLE columns.
Christ vindicated.
The child is temporarily smothered in its past,away from the clamps.This mother-to-be contracts to the sound of steel on steel.
Two finger dilation.
Immobile conquest.
Lamp at the door.Light on light.
Christ indicated.
She rolls blindly in her own sweat,unspeakable animosity touches mind and lip.Caught in the gushing,lost in the swelling,swallowed hard,the saliva,torn pillows in her struggle.Reminded of her OWN choking.Her earlier enterprise.
"I shall be calling between 9.30 and 10.Be there."That is all he has said.
"Be there,be there,be there,be there."Rung in her mind.
There is no tolerance,the lamp-posts sway in the damp breeze.
There is no tolerance,the piles of Autumn leaves,slippery under-foot.
Son est lumiere.
The city night.
She had waited for his coming.Twice.Once as she nervously fingered the damask curtains.
Trim.
Could she have called and said "NO"?
Fleur de lis in the fur of carpet.Each shadow in the street another entry.The forlorn lamps NOW dripping in the evening fog.A muffled cry.The distant thump of a car-door being slammed.The floorboards above SIGH under SOME weight.
"Who ARE these people?"
Across the road,curtains are being drawn.Shadows in unexplored rooms.Standing for a moment by the window.Black shape staring into the icy suburban landscape.
"Do they dare?"
"Be there,be there,be there,be there."Rung in her mind.
"Nothing Ma,nothing but the BREEZE."
His orgasm is a long and painful ordeal.
Some the needle.
Each thrust burns her as if his prick was a rod of heated steel.So ungiven.He wipes away his satisfaction with her freshly laundered sheets.He rolls in his own CONTENT.
"Ah me."
In the lavatory she tries to extract some of his sticky sperm from her body with a wad of toilet-paper.Scrapes of yellow tissue catch in the moist folds of her cunt.
"Christ."
When she returns to the bedroom,he is asleep.Thin lines of saliva drop from his mouth to the pillow.
Nothing more than that.The moisture is already thrown about, dried in the fire.Unborn flesh that rings about the ovens.
Rings about his mouth.Ejected by her body.From the hole.Not THIS time.
"Christ."
Wiped from her brow as laughter.
"We're terribly sorry,you can't see your baby."
"Such?Is it such?"
"Nothing Ma.Nothing."
She vomits into the pillow.
When he returns to the bedroom,she is asleep.
The freshly pressed tweed dress falls in folds across her knees.Perfect.She slips into first and neatly parks the car, a sunshine-yellow Ford Capri,in the ordered rows of the parking lot.She places a pair of light-sensitive sun-glasses in the glove compartment,at the same time removing a pack of filter cigarettes that she puts in her hip pocket.Lifting her calf hand-bag from the back seat,she opens the door and, lightly pushing it further open with her foot,climbs out.She stops for a moment to smooth down her dress and then,having glanced about her,drops a lighted match onto the vinyl of the car seat.
Several minutes later,as she is cashing a cheque,she hears the explosion.
"As it comes?"
"Comes?What comes?"
"The money,money.Do you want it as it comes?"
"Yes.Yes.As it comes."
She rolls the money into a tight wad and drops it into the calf bag.
"Ah well.Ah well."
As she passes the parking-lot they are pulling the horribly burnt body from the wreckage.
"Ha.Cash or crucifixion,eh?"
From the wreckage.
"Christ,the smell,it's foul."
Dried in the fire.
In the wasteland to the rear of the parking-lot,elevated by a slight hillock,a group of young children watch in fascination.They grimace and giggle,parodying adult fear.They do not care,there is no meter by which they could.
"So that they can come back.That's right isn't it?"
One of them,a little girl,is lost in introversion.She smiles and rubs her hands together.
The stigmata.
"So that they can come back."
They seek reassurance.
"Those Christs,those fucking Christs."
I look across the bookshelves,exhausted idea is what I perceive.The registration of endless concepts,even hopes, fulfilled no more than the dusty covers that contain them.
Within this museum there burns a fire.
The pages of a book turn in the light breeze,the perfectly lit pictures,siliconised bodies,make a grotesque tableau against the blackened corpse now laying on the tarmac of the parking-lot.
The logs are placed in the hearth like a Shinto gateway,a calligraphic brand that marks my mood.Lazy cats punctuate this haiku,they yawn and sneeze in the gateway.Imperial dawn,each moment,defiled.Everything becomes a symbol for itself,a passive statement of intent that knows only that it will be consumed by this spirit,or that fire.Such ether to disturb away a sadness.
"Now that the child is born."
Later that evening the little girl stands alone on the hillock staring across the empty expanse of tarmac.Where the car had been parked there are now crudely drawn lines,chalk marks that suggest the extent of the damage,a child's garden of verse,and, to the side of them,a greasy trail describing the direction in which the body had been dragged.Away from the heat.The topography of death.
A she turns to scramble back across the wasteland,a patch of light is suddenly thrown onto her by the changing sky.Her shadow is cast,massively long,across the desolate landscape. Something.Something that for a second creates total silence. Silence,then,is the ALL.

Diverted,she slips on the gravel path that leads away from the hillock.In her fall she grabs at tufts of grass and herb, a child's garden,divine now.
Her Calvary.
Scorched.
Struggling to regain a foothold,she kicks aside a small pile of bricks.From the hole that is exposed by this action,there crawls an emaciated cat,that lollups and tumbles across the gravel to where her body now lays.
"Dear pussy.Dear sweet pussy.Shall we go home?"
I focus always back to the fire.The leaves of a tropical plant reach away from my chair.I am unutterably lazy,dressed, as always I am,in black.The colour of ice.My feet describe a line,TO THE FLAMES.I am always,thus,alone.
"Sweet pussy."
London.Jan2.1980.No real decision has been made,no definable purpose decreed.Handfuls of garbage are disposed of across the WALLS of the rich.Privilege and wealth burdened with the garbage of the poor.Splinters of the pleasure-ship,la ligne, shreds of lord-ship,crowns of oceans,ringlets of sea,this moisture,behind us now,the shutters on the wall.I draw focus on the soft opaque of the windows.Shapes form and disappear in the light,caught and carried,there is NO arrest.
"Dear pussy.Dear sweet pussy."
"Out.Get that animal out."
"There now.There now."
"Out.Get it out."
She feels the burning in her palm,she scrapes at it with her index and fore-fingers.
Christ indicated.
The stigmata.
Her Calvary.

EVEREST

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT

THE END OF IMAGINATION

Penny Rimbaud.London.DEC79/1AN80

"Out."
"They shall return."
"Out."
Into the valley.
Silence is a word,in whatever form,it is a word,magnificence alone might describe its potential.
The existential 'NO'.
She draws on a filter-cigarette.The smoke drifts up across her high cheek bone,pocketing,for a moment,in her eye.
The train pulls along the side of the black lake.Huge birds, gull,crow,hawk,cormorant,wheel around in the mist that lifts from the waters surface.A medieval cauldron,the witches spike,dead now in the ducking pond.
Moisture rises in the tear-duct.
Through the upper layers of these greys and whites rise the HIGH mountains.
She smarts.
Where the mist thins,swirls into its own escape,a wall of granite is exposed rising hundreds of feet above the waters edge.No foothold here for the intrepid explorer.Between the two,the high mountains and the granite crag,lay the alps, pretty pastures of grass and herb.Sky-blue gentian.Primrose. Daisy.Buttercup.Stretching in rolls to where the white peaks claw out the sky,where the clouds wrap and cling,seek seam and crack,purge cave and cranny.Not one moment of escape from THEIR scouring,up here,in the snow-line.
A small tear wells across her lower lid.
The lake is black as the crag,surfaces described in the swooping of the birds.NOT ONE FOOTHOLD.Held,perhaps in the cradle of the mist,but NEVER transported.Not one marker that does not turn in on its OWN veil.
They fly alone.
The meniscus bulges,bursts and sends a fine slither of moisture across her cheek.Trapped in the corner of her mouth, it glistens in the scarlet of her smile.
Tremors of light sparkle in the frame of the mirror,tiny rainbows that bounce across the ceiling.
"You see?"
Sad Lisa moans from the aquarium.Beaux artes.She does not laugh.
She smiles,bringing her tongue to her upper lip.Slowly she slides it across her painted mouth to snap the tiny remains of the teardrop into its curl.
The cobra.The rattlesnake.The viper.Each await the dew,sparse nonsense in the sand.
"Do you understand?"She removes the empty spectacle-case from the table-top and places it in her breast-pocket."We can not permit this behaviour."
"WE",the eternal "WE",ghetto of the mind.How many abuses committed in this name,this error,and who will claim it? Heritage?Birthright?The dagger is before you.
"We can not and will not allow it."
Such an imposition on 'A' consciousness.Walls are definitions of definition itself.Art describing art.There is no escape, yet,here,there is NO capture.Da Vinci is lost also,he wipes the smile.
"Allow,allow,allow,allow."Rung in his mind.
And who,anyway,would maintain this illusion?
His hand runs nervously along the carved edge of the table. Each movement is registered in ringlets upon the surface of the water,each hesitation reflected in the surface of the glass,each moment observed by the bespectacled eyes that stare from behind the aquatic veil of the vase.
Perception.Conception.
Resurrection.Reassurance.
"I know what you are."As brittle and sharp as the stems that rise from the vase.Totems.Tokens.Lost love.The folded labia. Great lumps of wadded scarlet rose hang,trophies of a cannibalism,from these thorny sticks.Reconnaissance parties. Night operations.Year Zero.

"You shall,of course,be punished."
Is this gender?A politic?Some secular device?What symbol to wear on this striped cloth?
Punishment is inverted desire.Perhaps they have 'known' that are bound and beaten,stuffed full at the trussing,glanced satori in the cracking of the birch?How hung on the nipple? How glanced the genitalia?Toothless memory,ruthless mercy, what merriness now,in the pits.
How now brave warrior that on this truck does ride? How weaned this sorry child?The scented pine is nothing against the ROT of this body.What order in the hangmans life? "The pastry dear,the pastry.Is it short?Short enough?You?For you?"
"As if in a circle of cloud,this dense night that you have not known,those boys faces as they fell beside me,I kick them now,piss in each orifice.Rolling corpses in the rich odour of your cuisine.Haute cuisine."
"Short enough."
"In the body-bag.Yes.In the body-bag."
The rail-tracks are across my backyard,endless trains,time knows no description.Is it not over?The trains.Wooded trucks that leave their PUTRIFACTION at my doorstep.I hear them at night,saddened song,ringing across the meadows,re-routed through the channels of my brain,driven through the arteries of my body.Time has no integrity.
Such an imposition on 'A' consciousness.The bite has swollen to a blue circle of cracking flesh,to the left of the lower-spine.The ring of tooth in flesh.Flesh becomes a sore.The humility of the martyrs is HOAX.Yet still these heroes go to war,trudge in the lead boots of indoctrination.The mud of it, the blood of it.What did we learn?There?these pits?Stone walls,the definitions of it.What did we know to forget?What have we learnt that we may dismiss it now?Some borrowed knowledge?BURROWED EXPERIENCE OF LIVING DEATH.
She lifts a rose from the slender vase and tears the head from the stem.Petals fall,scarlet flesh on the embossed black black-leather of the table-top.
"Pick them up.I said,pick them up."
He reaches for the petals.Tentative small hands.Sensitive soft hands.So delicately formed.So unsullied by manhood.Some FORTUNE.
"Pick them up."
Tiny fingers slipping on the silk-thin petals,butterfly wings that melt in touch.
"I said,PICK THEM UP."
Benevolence.Cheap hotels.The MUSTY room.Worn rib of carpet. Thin pannel of door.Orange rayon of curtain and bedcover.The TIRED nirvana of the television-set.Black and white.What difference?Swish in the silence.
She swipes at the grasping fingers with the thorny stems.He retracts,frantic against the tearing claws.Lines of blood seam through the back of his hand,jagged rips that run from wrist to knuckle.
"PIG",written in blood on the refrigerator.
Highway no one.
"You are not hurt.Now,pick them up."
The distant rattle of the cattle-trucks,the moan and the whistle against the stagnant air,the chimneys that belch their human stench.Clickety clack.Clickety clack.The lime and the eating and the bodies and the pit.
A pattern emerges,designs,plans.Moments CLOYING at a holiday brochure.Imagine this room,this hotel,this walkway,this pool, villa,town.This bath to bathe in.This grove;body.This body, body,body,body,body,body.Wrung in their minds.
Tip-toe.The CRUNCH of frozen grass.Slow.CAREful.Walk across the LAWN.The sound of the road disappears across the lines of privet and LAUREL.
Wreaths for these HEROES.Spartan warriors that comb their hair in preparation for buggery.
The click of steel on steel.
Christ indicated.
The click of knife,on plate.Pocketed.The idle chatter of the family.A burst of laughter.
The family,tight unit of four,are seated at the table.The meat-pie steams in its tin container,the center of the tableau.Held.Beneath the jaggy ends.A bunch of chrysanthemums, ethereal in the steam,(richer still),lends imperial majesty to the occasion.
The cat stands by,SEARCHING RAGGED MEAT that drops.
A voice,droning.Checked.A shriller voice."Oh no daddy,no."
Silence.Peels of laughter.
"Honestly I did."
"Personally speaking,I doubt it."
"But."
More laughter.Squeals.
A massively long shadow is thrown by a figure now standing at the window,black shape staring into the icy suburban landscape.The sudden blue glow of the television-set.Black and white.Unexplored rooms.The stair-well,carpeted.The bannister rail,mahogany.The landing,floral.The nursery,pink,blue.The AROMA of youth.
Pork in the refrigerator.
Threads of HISTORY.
"To bed.Now.To bed."
Bend,now,bend.Down.The shadows move.A car light suddenly illuminates the lawn.
The Sol.
Black footprints cast in the frost.Dark now.Closer now.The SMELL.Warm SMELL.Rich clam of MEAT.PerFUMES.POLISHes.An oil stove.Even the OVEN in HIS indifference.Carried in the ICY air.A promise of stagnancy.
On tip-toes.Faster.Faster.Breaking into a run.The crunch of frozen grass.The room.The splintering of glass.Now the smells are WARM.The frantic DASH across the unexplored room.Frenzied movements across the furniture.
"Because I HAVE RETURNED."
Damask curtains blown in the uninvited air.
Fleur de breeze.
ICE COLD.
Blocks.
Of course,of course.THEY store the FLESH.
Upturned chairs,dust and scraps.The standard-lamp crashing onto the coffee-table,splinters of veneer,the covers are OFF. The perfectly lit pictures,siliconised bodies,make a grotesque tableau against the livid corpses now gasping their last breaths in the sponge upholstery of the three piece suite.
THE CAT LICKS WOUNDS.
The dull buzz of the television-set is the only sound of greater constancy than the moist grunts and groans.Black and white.NEVER FORGOTTEN.
A thoroughly MODERN silence.
The floorboards above SIGH under some weight.The bough breaks.
The wreath is a crown of thorns.Wear it for me LORD.Wear it for me.
"Shall WE go HOME?"
London.Jan5.1980.The carousel turns.Specks of tired joy,like the snowfall,witnessed.I come again.Squeal in the market-place,here I saw the fish DRYING in the sun,THEY COULD NOT BREATHE.Mediterranean decadence.They SUCK the artichoke to the FIBRE.The squalor of it.None.There is NONE.Ill defined. Tomorrow.Hidden in the roaring space.Timid markers.They would DRILL us.The tapestry of crucifixion.I shall bare none of my FLESH,nor bear HIS.None.I shall have NONE of it,however it is presented,however spoken,NO,not at any cost. The EXISTENTIAL 'NO'.

cont.overleaf.

PROJECT. The ascent of Everest.

"Irrevocability."
"Ah."

HEIGHT. 29,002ft.

"Irrevocability.I seek the irrevocable."
"Will you be coming?"

PROPOSED ROUTE. Khumbu Glacier.Western Cym.Lhotse.South Col.
Southeast Ridge.

"Because it is there."
"You could always stay if you want to."

TEAM. Solo.

"Where to?"
"No,no."

EQUIPMENT. Sunglasses,light sensitive.Heavy winter clothing.
Change of underwear.Stout walking shoes.Beret.

"Beyond philosophy."
"Word that defines life?"

PROPOSED TIME OF ASCENT. 3/4 weeks.Late winter/early spring.

"No.Life the DEFINES word."
"You could always stay if you want to."

Only now they nail the body to the cross.Only now weep in
their piety.Can you not see the pattern of these deaths?
THIS was HIS SUMMIT.
In the supermarket a gush of icy air slides across his face.
THIS is THE PEAK OF his FREEDOM.
He turns to study its source.
Deluded by choice.
The chunks of meat are bound in cling wrap plastic.
Burdens to his sexuality.
He HANGS there.
Christ indicated.
He runs his hand along the aluminium facing of the refrig-
erator,pink against the scarlet of the meat.
Let THEM walk.
Cross-sections.Bone,crudely sawn,rudely seen.Splinters in the
flesh,crashed in the pelvic-basin,carnage in the marrow.Leg.
The hack of blade.Chuck.Bubbles of blood caught,immobile,in
the wrap.Brain.Tongue.Silence in the abattoir.The dull buzz
of the electrodes.Black and white.
They have defined schizophrenia,TWICE.
Cash or crucifixion.Each body that clutches its towel,the
only possession.Lonely procession.Steak.Rump.Sirloin.
"More,more,more,more."Rung in his mind.

V A L I U M
"If you please,please,please,please."Rung in his mind,mind,
mind,mind.

Slabs.Slap of blade.The evening of TORN flesh.The BROKEN
glass was a BLESSING.Chop.The kidney rests quartered in a
shell of bone and fat and muscle and meat.
"That'll be,that'll be,that'll be,that'll be."Deeper and
deeper.

He fingers the hard blocks,pushes aside ham,gammon,bacon,
joint.From the hole that these bricks have been covering,he
pulls the trussed body of a chicken.Into the space that is
left rattle smaller items.Leg.Wing.Giblet.Portion.Breast.
Resurrection?Reassurance?
The young cashier turns to her superior."Bags.Have you any
bags?"

These novices,prostrate in the wilderness.
Puppets in the guillotine.

EXPIRED.

"Bags."

They ARE the death-camps these high-street superstores,the
very form of them.It is your greed that fills the chambers,
you may store peace in your deluded dreams,but it is THE
FLESH that you covet in your havens of mystery.Worshipful
sects.What have you learnt in this CATHARSIS?Why DID they
die?For you?For you?It is you that wears the uniform of the
oppressor,yes,yes,look with THOSE moorland eyes,LOOK.The
greatest conformity,the most FASCIST of uniforms,is the FREE
choice with which you ADORN yourselves.Trophies of A cannab-
alism.Look down from YOUR cross,it is THERE that you wear
your guilt.

YOU ARE NOT HE.You are the CORPORATION.

Body bag.

"Short enough."

Body bag.

Flash UPON the arm.LIKE THE NEEDLE.

Can you not see?The yellow star is upon YOUR wallet.You
carry it.

Can you not see?The FLASH is on YOUR arm TOO.You carry it.
You carry it to those camps as if you MAKE THE CHOICE.You
are BOTH.At once victim and victimiser,oppressor and oppress
oppressed.Can you not see that in the absoluton that is
YOURS is the death that you SEEK.One of the same.Carried in
the PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG,you TAKE IT HOME.You have SEEN that
death,yet still you BEAR it.STILL you bear it.Is there no
shame,Oh you Christs.

"How do you want it?"

How do YOU want it?

Your wallet is the yellow star,those superstores are the
chambers,yet willingly you take the branding.You desire the
whip and the fist and the flame and the torture of it because
you hang out of CHOICE upon those crosses.
ONLY THROUGH TOTAL SUBMISSION OR TOTAL VIOLATION CAN YOU
SENSE anything.You have not the DIMENSION for it.Vicarious
SHITS.You grovel in the twilight.

As she fingers the cash-register he crashes the frozen body
of the chicken down onto her hand.Bone and fat and muscle and
meat.

"That'll be,that'll be,that'll be,that'll be."

The cattle push against the curly wire.Wide-eyed.Pricked in
his multi-death.The sign above the door.Auschwitz.Trblinka.
Dresden.Sobidor.Belsen. Hiroshima.Nagasaki.Mai Lai.
OUR LIE IS IN BELFAST,on the queens HIGHWAY.

Let us forget.Mai lay,your FUCK,rape,desire.Mai lay,your
Lai.What is there to remember?McBurger.Wimpey.Ford.Fortes.
Nestle.Shell.Bayer.Woolworth.ICI.Pas ici.Verboten.OUT.
Securicor.IBM.FM.Elizabeth Regina Windsor.Lord Christ.MOUTH-
WASH.Erylloream.Arsesfuck.Colman.It is THEY that shall be
purged.I clutch my breastless breast,it is THEIR gender.
Radical I.Wash.Wash.You Christ,you Queen,you corporation,to
THE SHOWERS.I am stood here in the ephemera of your shitty
reality,you army,you man,YOU PIMP.You use my PENIS as if it
were your right.I HAVE NO ARMS IN this WAR.The sign above the
door.Coop.Marks.Tesco.What are those flags?Sarah had but a
half of it,Sharon took the blade.

'PIG' upon the DOOR.

There is no absoluton in your CASHY guilt.

"Best money can buy."

How often I have heard these sombre beasts call into my dre
dreams,their saddened song ringing across the meadows.
"Here.Over here."

This tuft,once theirs,now motorway.This lane,once worn by
them,now a thread in OUR defense.Herded,were they,into the
wooded trucks,terrified,as beaten with metal poles.

"Get up you bastards.Get up."

Stumbling in the mess of shit and straw,led by their stupid
LORD,their stupid LAWD.Good Christ,they hear such tales as
they stare from the lattice of their pre-grave,so mournful,
hanging in memory from the meat-hooks.
The blood rushes the tiled corridor.The pain that YOU employ.
"Up.Up."

Carefully I withdraw my penis from the meat-pie,the jagged
tin edges threaten my pleasure.The uncooked pastry cakes my
hairs.The meat lays in tempered lines upon the erect flesh.
"Up you bastard.Up."

THE CAT IS EXILED IN THE GRAVY.

Nothing but the buzz of the ELECTRODE.

'The Pigs Head Controversy.'

Do you not see that they desired the HOLOCAUST,as still they
do,for in CATHARSIS lays the rebirth of their LOST sexuality?
Self beyond definition?The irrevocable?Their crucifixion is
the ORGASM that they seek.They HUNT death and envy it,bound
in the sullied realisation that through their birth,they have
defiled life.

GUILT IS THEIR ONLY REALITY.

He carefully wipes the tiny grease-marks from the white
paint-work with a soft tissue.Where rust is staining up from
the metal,he rubs away the paint to the body and applies
filler,two coats of primer,two topcoats.At this stage he rubs
down with wet and dry,then applying the final coat which he
finishes off with a thorough wax polishing.For over a year he
has cared in this manner.The interior,beige upholstery and
brown trim,is as carefully preserved.
"Volvo.Safe,reliable,showroom condition,mine.Best money can
buy."



Once every six months he drives the vehicle to the local
agent whos job it is to check the mechanical condition of the
car.Engine.Gears.Clutch.Steering.Lights.Tyres.

"Mine.It's the best that money can buy."

On Friday night a white Volvo was in collision with a
stationary vehicle,although neither cars appeared damaged,
the driver of the Volvo,no other persons were involved,
sustained serious injuries in the head and chest.The police,
who arrived at the scene shortly after the accident,say that
he died only minutes before his arrival at hospital in a
squad-car.It is doubted that medical help would have proved
to be of any assistance.

'The Pigs Head Controversy.'

They seek resolution in the FORCE of their materialism,but as
they are bought,so they are sold.In the cattle-yard they SEE
to their own transportation.
He peers at the glow.Cathode-ray multi layers beneath the
glass of the shopfront.There is NO way in which it can be
done.The burden of responsibility is lost in the midwives
snip.We never recover from the TRAUMA of birth for,in this
reality WE ARE NEVER BORN.
We are BUT paradox.

TEAM. Solo.

The laden jet wallows its way to snowbound death.The white
peaks claw at the sky.
The most Holy father offers his communion with the GODHEAD.No
wine for these pious souls,no blood of THEIR Christ.Nothing
but the orange poisons of HIS body.The stench rises HIGH
above the jungle.

"There,down there."

The matrix of death.

"Christ,what have we done?"

The mathematics of form.

The taped voices.Strange in the WOODLAND.

Scratched maybe from the pits.

"What's that?What's that?"

"Nothing Ma.Nothing but the breeze."

"What?What?"

"The breeze,catching the gate."

The floorboards above sigh under some weight.

"Nothing Ma."

The shovel cuts lines through polythene and brow.No blood
from THIS corpse.Spilled already.For them.
Ah testimony.Stupid trifle.

"Nothing."

Each catastrophe is the stiffness of their SEX.Broken idols.
They NEED the mega-death.DESIRE the flesh-piles as their own.
Auschwitz.Hiroshima.Mai Lai.Words in the DICTIONARY of their
lust.

"The daydream was a luxury,a stupid fucking luxury."

The hotel affords a break.Refuge.Rest.Retreat in their
bewilderment.

"Ten times.Ten fucking times."

The soft nylon sheets are a slidy playground in their agreed
twilight.Looked in TIME against the monotonous conformity
of their lives,metered out like the tides beyond the shutter-
ed windows.The anonymity of the room releases them from the
horrid bondage of the past.No silver frame that ties them to
PARENTAGE.No sculpted figurine to grip them TOO in histories.
Their morality,covetous and sly,is left in the musty cup-
board of their own home.For four days and five nights they
are the essence of a private fantasy.
Auschwitz.Hiroshima.Mai Lai.What COULD transcend these
heavens?

Each evening,as dusk falls,he paints his penis with the
brilliant scarlets of her lipsticks.Lines of lurid red that
run in sunbursts from his cock,across his body.

She smiles,bringing her tongue to her upper lip.
Each night the lines are printed onto her body,the angles,
position and order,the lines would fade as the night prog-
ressed,the topography of love.

She smiles,bringing her tongue to her upper lip.

She,in turn,cuts thin lines into her body with a surgical
blade,fine thread-like lines that make his decorative efforts
appear crude and savage.Tiny drops of blood seam through the
cuts.She collects each drop on her fingertip and wipes it
across her labia.As her cunt becomes more lurid she invites
a climax to their desires.

She smiles,bringing her tongue to her upper lip.

The dull buzz of the television-set,black and white,is the
only sound of greater constancy than their moist grunts and
groans.A THOROUGHLY modern sexuality.

They await the second coming.Auschwitz.Hiroshima.Mai Lai.

Their own rebirth.

Resurrection?Reassurance?

One early morning,as the silver sun rises above the sea,they
open the windows and shutters,the stagnant air is suddenly
fresh,the curtains lift in the slight breeze.Slithers of
light in their ever-dusk.

Bikini is an island no more.The second coming.Alternative
dawn.New age.The stench rises above the jungle.

"What have WE done?"

Both kneeling,they peer out to the still dull ocean,pelicans
rise and fall to the gentle swell that breaks in ribbons of
white surf on the sand and stone of the shoreline.The sun
sparkles now,breaking the line between sea and sky.She takes
his cock in her hand and softly rubs until he shoots great
gobs of sperm,that writhe through the air,to splat on the
glass of the open window.

"How can we?"

As he rolls in the pleasure of his orgasm,she leans across
his body and closes first shutter,then window.The curtains
hang limp again,without air.Without light.

She turns to the television-set.Black and white.Vacant.Tiny
flashing dots,register to AN interference.Neverberating line
that IS static.Waves of air.PACE.

Not risen yet,these tombs to the planets.

Cathode-ray dawns in its own landscape of vinyl and nylon,it
radiates its trussed and siliconised daydreams into OUR
lives.

She moistens her fingertip and gently rubs her clitoris.Warm
gushes of moisture run from her cunt.Her wet hand now slides
in arcs from her pubis to her arsehole.

Half-defined images flash across the screen.

Hairs fold into the creased flesh,hard against the softness.

Stutters of sound.

"I.I.I.I."

Her tongue runs frantic across her painted lips.

"I."

Silence.

Silence is a word,in whatever form,it is a word,magnificence

alone might describe its potential.

The television-set.Black and white.They lay alone in their

seperate orgasms.

"Again?Again?"

In the playground,the little girl stops for a moment,some
signal has registered,message,code,signal,caught from the air.
airwaves.Rung in her mind,a flashpoint in the shrill sound an
and predictable patterns of the playground.Perhaps the move-
ment of a branch,a patch of light thrown onto her by the
changing sky,the distant thump of a car-door being slammed.
Something.Something that for a second creates TOTAL SILENCE.

Silence,then,is the ALL.

Somewhere perhaps in that majesty IS the source.

She smoothes down her dress and glances about her.A shadow is
cast massively long.Footsteps.Breaking into a run.FASTER.The

smells are WARM.Faster.Faster now.Sweat.Breaking.The RAILINGS.
Swishing.Fast.Fast.Sweat.On.Swat the beast.Swat the beast.On.

Sweat.The RAILINGS.The DISTANT sound of the playground.Twigh-

light zone.Frantic dash.Faster.Faster.The LIGHT.Pulse.Through

the RAILINGS.Faster.The CLUMP of heavy feet.Frenzied move-

ments.The coarse GRASP of breath and ARM.

"Down you bastard.Down."

Caught in fleshy chest.

When the wind blows.

Two finger violation.

Christ indicated.

London.Dec14.1977.I warn you , the nature

of your oppression is the

A E S T H E T I C of my A N A R C H Y.

(P.R.FIGS HEAD CONTROVERSY.IAI)

A N A R C H Y.

My appearance for you.I have SO appointed myself,by disposi-
tion perhaps,but none the less it is I that chose it.I am

gregarious too,so come to you for DELIGHT.Anti-social by
NATURE.What finer LUXURY than SOLITUDE?ONE and the OTHER.

Black and white.ANARCHIST by design.

Of the communards I care little,touched maybe,but only THEN
in a romanticism.I mixed once with the anarchist veterans of
the Spanish War,they called me Geronimo,because of my hair,

they would come for me in the mornings,limbless old men who
would laugh as I became drunk on their mixture of anise and
sherry.I shared a month with these lottery soldiers and when
I hadn't the rent to pay the landlord,I left in the middle of

the night without saying goodbye.They probably came that
morning and found that I had gone.Geronimo,lost in the dust
of Catalonia.The same year,in Paris,I clapped in the boule-
vards beneath black banners,but always,like the Samurai,one-
handed.

a n a r c h y

Maybe I left these things behind in a search for absoluton,

which I now SEE is BLIND.

The CAT awaits HER knowledge.

Now I quest the irrevocable,but I have no words for it,I

demand life beyond philosophy,yet am caught in the abyss

between the two.I lack no self-determination,have even claimed the slightest of visions,yet,drawn in the bow-string, like the arrow,I am not yet flung.
In my kindest moments I may turn to you,solicit advice,ride your fame.Do NOT be deluded by my charm.I shall take ALL the credit.My burnt-earth policy is WHAT I HAVE.

A N A R C H Y
"No matter.You can keep your boots and your politics outside, where they belong,outside on the street."
She lathers the rich suds of the washing-up liquid into a thick cream,sliding her hands alternately up her arms, stopping an inch short of her freshly shaven arm-pits.Small blobs of the foam bounce onto her orange nylon dress,forming patches that,in time,dry out to powdery,white stains.
Flashpoint in the Mojave desert.

"Ten times.Ten fucking times.I need cunt."
He swings her around,forcing her mouth onto his.The click of enamel on enamel.The acrid smell of the washing-up liquid overpowers the various more considered smells of their bodies. Deodorants.After-shaves,perfumes.Talc.
Frozen bodies in the supermarket store.

Your temple.

The body-bags are full.

"There now.There now."

"Short enough?"

"Too FUCKING short.Too fucking short."

They rip open the bags.Nothing.Scrapings that are NOTHING.

"Is this what is left?"

THAT resurrection.

"Left?"

IN THE PASTRY.

"When did you do that for me?"

"I never knew how.Is that bad?I never knew how."

His underwear is oversize.His penis and balls hang in the mishapen gusset like so much swollen dead flesh,trophies of a cannibalism.
"I want to fuck you."

By the empty socket a plug lays in the dust and scrap of the uncleaned carpet.Disturbed,the dust will smell of those same deodorants,after-shaves,perfumes,talc.Years of their rot together in the musty cupboard of their HOME.

"Shall we?"

The light has not been used in all that time.

LESILLUMINATION.

Who WANTS to see those bodies?

Parchment shade;therapy in the long term unit.Coil lead;

therapy in the long term unit.Chianti base;sol o mio,mon amore,how we danced on the night,nuit,nix,therapy in the long term unit.

Therapists.

I take Eves apple.

The credit is DUE.

Hanging in the buzz of it.

V A L I U M

Slight.

V A L O U R

"Can you make it then?"

He reaches for the crumpled sheets of yesterdays paper.

"Lithesome Lisa drops a couple of boobs.What a pair!"

Bikini doubles.

Livid corpses in the sponge upholstery.

The covers fall away from his body exposing his penis,ERECT, stiff,HARD.

The sound of one hand.

"Christ."

"Christ what?"

"What the fuck's that."

"What?"

"That."

"My dick,see?Dick.Prick.Cod.Hampton.Erect.Stiff.Hard.Pulsing in the half-light.My tool,fucking great knob.Pumping.Thumping great donger.DRUMMING."

She bends down to pull the loop of her stretch-nylon slacks over her heels.She sees the suitcase under her bed,the broken clothes-horse,the diamond pattern sock,the hardened sole pailer than the elasticated uppers.

"I don't like it.I just don't like it."

She feels the warm sperm running into the crotch of her pants.

"It's so fucking messy."

"What?What?"

The line of saliva drops from his mouth onto the pillow.

"I don't like you fucking me.Do you understand that?"

He is asleep.

She picks up an empty silver frame from the mantleshef."Is that all?Is that bloody ALL?"

They are booked already this year.Costa Brava.They had always booked the Costa del Sol in the past,but,because the brochure had been late this year,they had had to settle for second choice.A disappointment,but one that they hoped would not affect their vacation.

A predicament,but there.

They HAD booked the Sol and got the BRAVA.Ah well.They had ALWAYS booked the Sol in the past,and would in the future, one year wouldn't matter so much.Cheaper.Consolation.

"If they hadn't been late."

Auschwitz.Hiroshima.Mai Lai.

"It's a shame."

"I don't think it will be much different."

"Oh yes,oh yes,so much less spilt."

"What?The Sol?Rubbish,it's all the bloody same,miles and miles of souvenir shops,fish'n'chips,parle anglaise,fucking krauts,there's not a bloody Spaniard within a hundred miles of the coast."

"Oh don't be so silly.What about Angelo?"

"Who the hell is Angelo?"

"You remember Angelo?"

"If I did remember her I'd say so."

"Him."

"Him?"

"She was a he."

"Alright,alright.But I still don't remember him."

"Oh of course you do,you know,the one with the curly black hair."

"ALL Spaniards have curly black hair."

"Not like Angelos."

"Not like Angelos.Not like Angelos.Who the hell WAS Angelo?"

"The waiter.You know,the waiter,at the hotel."

"That little ponce."

"He was sweet."

"He was a creep."

"He was charming."

"Charming my arse."

"What do you mean?"

"You know bloody well what I mean."

"If I knew what you meant I'd say so."

All these warnings are written in the sand.

"You do know.You bloody well do know.You fancied him.You fucking fancied him."

"Don't be so stupid.I liked him,he was sweet,that's all."

"He was a smarmy little creep,sniffing around anything with tits."

In the empty expanse of tarmac,the little girl plays hop-scotch over crudely drawn chalk lines.The matrix is different but the game is the same.A child's garden.

"That's not true.Not true."

"Oh no?No?Well what about that afternoon on the veranda?"

Shadows,cast massively long.

"What about it?"

"I suppose you were just sunbathing?"

"When?What are you talking about?When?"

"When you thought I'd caught the coach to Barcelona,that's when."

"He'd brought me up a drink,that's all,a drink,that's all, all.They do that you know?Waiters.They do that."

"That isn't ALL they do is it?Is it?That isn't ALL they do."

"But we did nothing."

"Don't come it,for fucks sake,don't come it.I SAW you.Ten times.Ten fucking times.I SAW YOU."

They assemble at the corners,some of them carry home-made weaponry.Highly sharpened kitchen knives.Poles weighted at one end with lead inserts.Knuckle dusters fashioned in leather and wire.Catapults cut from elm and ash.One of them carries a pistol,no one but its owner knows if it is toy, replica or real.They are too apprehensive to ask,too awed to enquire,too filled with fear and admiration.

"We did nothing,nothing at all."

"Ten fucking times."

"Nothing.We did nothing."

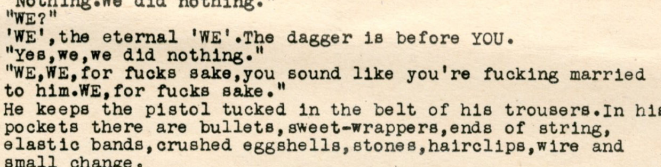
"WE?"

"WE',the eternal 'WE'.The dagger is before YOU."

"Yes,we,we did nothing."

"WE,WE,for fucks sake,you sound like you're fucking married to him.WE,for fucks sake."

He keeps the pistol tucked in the belt of his trousers.In his pockets there are bullets,sweet-wrappers,ends of string, elastic bands,crushed eggshells,stones,hairclips,wire and small change.



"THERE IS NO BLOODY 'WE'."

She slips from her nylon slacks and,pulling her pants down to her knees,shows him the stained crotch.

"That's your cum on there,do you see?"

They stand on the hillock,the little girl hops.One.Two.Three.

She is unaware of their presence.The loud shot rings out in the still air.The impact of the bullet throws the little girl several feet across the parking-lot.They grimace and giggle, parodying adult fear.They do not care,there is no meter by which they could.

"So that they can come back."

"THEY?THEY?There is no 'THEY'."

"So that I can come back."

Resurrection?Reassurance?R a t i o n a l i s a t

i o n .

SOMETHING DEEPER THAN THE WOMB.

Crucifixion.

HOAX.

Enola cuts a merry cross.

"Is that the second time?"

The steel blade flashes in the cold light.The single bulb sways in the slight breeze,brushed in the arm-movement.

"Christ in heaven,what is it?What is it?"

Silence is a WORD.

The blade catches her high cheek-bone,the slightly cut white of eye is hidden as she raises her head to the second thrust.

The SECOND coming.

"Do you SEE?"

The blade catches tufts of her forelock,torn away in the force.

"I SHALL HAVE MY ANSWER.THERE IS NO 'WE'."

Existential PARADOX.

The cat,she lurks so faithfully to savour this human meat, glides silently between the frenzy of legs.She plays with the clotty lumps of forelock as if they were vermin,executed for her pleasure.

"My answer.My answer."

The blade slashes,glithers and slides.Carnage in the marrow.

"Please,please,please,please."Rung in her mind.

"Please,please,please,please."Rung in his mind.

EVEN THEN.

Bone and fat and muscle and meat.The body hacked and torn.

NOW IMMOBILE.

He kneels for a moment in the slaughter bringing his tongue to his upper lip,fingers slipping in the mess of flesh.He searches out his OWN desire.

"Dear pussy.Dear sweet pussy.Shall we go home?"

The car is an immaculately maintained white Volvo,the bumps in the badly repaired road hardly register.

"Best money can buy."

He places a filter-cigarette in his mouth,at the same time tapping the automatic lighter into the 'on' position.

"Ah well."

The car lurches to the right,caught in an abnormally large rut.

"For Christs sake.What the fuck?Daydream.Fucking daydream.

For Christs sake,a luxury,a fucking stupid luxury."

He brushes a loose tuft of hair from his eyes,squinting now.

THROUGH the tinted glass.The road before him.

Ribbons of our heritage.

"No.No.A check.A fucking road check."

Road check.Identity.Name.Age.Address.Occupation.Licence.Ins-

urance.Test certificate.When?What?Why?Again and Again.

They too have an aesthetic.Do not imagine that as YOURS

developes,SO WILL THEIRS.

He wipes the condensation from the side-window.

"Down sir,rollit down."

"Down sir,roll it down."

"Again?"

"Yep."

"How long will it take?"

"As long as it takes."

"Do we have to?"

"WE'.THEY'.A document of HOW IT IS.

"Yep.....OUT.....NOW.....GET OUT."

The leather-glove crashes across his jaw.His head smashes across the window screen of HIS car.

Rhythms of our heritage.

The second blow is to the chest,it brings him reeling forward,choking,spluttering,he doubles up,but is thrown forcefully back again,over the bonnet,as a knee is smashed into his face.

"How many times?"

"As many as it takes."

"NO."

"YES.As long as it takes.Ponce."

On Friday night a white Volvo was in collision with a stationary vehicle,although neither cars appeared damaged, the driver of the Volvo,no other persons were involved, sustained serious injuries in the head and chest.The police, who arrived at the scene shortly after the accident,say that he died only minutes before his arrival at hospital in a squad-car.It is doubted that medical help would have proved to be of any assistance.

YOUR WALLET IS A YELLOW STAR.You desire the whip and fist and flame and torture of it,because you SENSE NOTHING,because you FEEL NOTHING,because you DESIRE THE CRUCIFIXION as the ALT-

ERNATIVE ORGASM.

There is no BREACH because they are of YOUR EMPLOY.

London.Jan4.1980.For a while now I have missed the illumination of the daythe night has passed as a cloud of which I have taken NO HEED.Of course,I would seek a CLEANER vision, but what chance is there when I CAN NOT STAND back.

WHAT IS THE EXISTENTIAL 'YES'.

EVEREST.FINAL ATTACK AND CONQUEST.

2plus2plus2plus2equals2.The Peak.

If I am to be subject,am I also to be object?What is there to ACCEPT?Isolated FACT that has no identity but itself?Can I pretend any more control than the choking,spluttering workings of MY MIND?I climb these mountains but have NO IDEA of their PEAK,each moment is a victory of MY OWN WILL,each moment a TOTAL ACHIEVEMENT.Yet still I am forced into these linear dimensions.We are described in LINE.We claim to move forward,yet always we travel TO THE RIGHT.SO DEEP IN THE CONTINUUM.

We have been sold a lie.The best money can buy.

The very structure of our GIVEN reality is HOAX.

The reality in which we exist is based on the 'concept' of perspective,a renaissance idea that diagrammatically creates a reality in which there exists the 'notion' of 'forward'.

'I' and the 'OBJECT'.APART.

It was the isolation of the 'I' and the 'object' that gave the spoken word 'form' as the printed word.The dimension of the printed word,as object,is linear,left to right and can only accomodate the 'concept' of forward,as subject.

The two major dimensions of our reality are in OPPOSITION, directional and spatial.

At the historical point that 'I' became FREE from 'ALL', released at last from the BONDAGE of MYSTICAL THOUGHT a new era of CONFUSION was CONCEIVED.

RATIONAL SCHIZOPHRENIA.

2=2. 8=2.

DIMENSIONAL DUALITY.The CONFLICT of LINEAR and SPATIAL DIMENSIONS.

In 'externalising' perspective it IS DESTROYED.To describe its NATURE we DEFY its LAWS.

We drift from one mode to the other in TOTAL CONFUSION.

How can WE exist as SUBJECT and OBJECT.

We are GIVEN perspective without and the linear word within.

SPLIT in two between a left/right dimension,word that defines life,and a spatial/forward dimension,life that DEFIES word.

The DICHOTOMY is presented AS A UNIT in the seeds of OUR PERSONALITY.

The sound of two hands clapping.

The IRREVOCABLE sound OF silence.

The existential 'YES' is the existential 'NO'.

London.Dec14.1977.I move my head from the blankness of self to the blankness of the window.

London.Jan5.1980.Now I am all,or none,of that blankness.My EYES are the OPAQUE panes that can not be broken.There are NO SHUTTERS to SELF,caught INSIDE.No curtains to lift,no windows to break,no breeze in which to bathe,alone WITHIN.

A stream flows between TWO banks,WE TOO.

I ask you in,There is no you.I travel to you and there is no I.We are mere technicians that play with LINES IN SPACE.

WE ARE A TOPOGRAPHY OF THAT WHICH IS.

There is NO form.

The stagnant air is the TRUTH of it.

Like the arrow IN THE AIR,I am not yet FLUNG.

DESCENT.

She cleans away the line of scarlet lip-stick from her upper-lip with her forefinger.She puckers her mouth.Smiles.Bares her teeth.

"Ah me.Ah.Ah.Ah.In me.In me."

She wipes the finger at the base of her spine.Red lines like the welt of MEMORIES,left on the SNOWLINE.

She shuffles on the silk upholstery of the stool.Tug of hair between silk and flesh.

"Me.Oh yes.Me."

She looks closely in the mirror at the thin line of pencil

cont.page 12.

THE VISION IS THEIRS

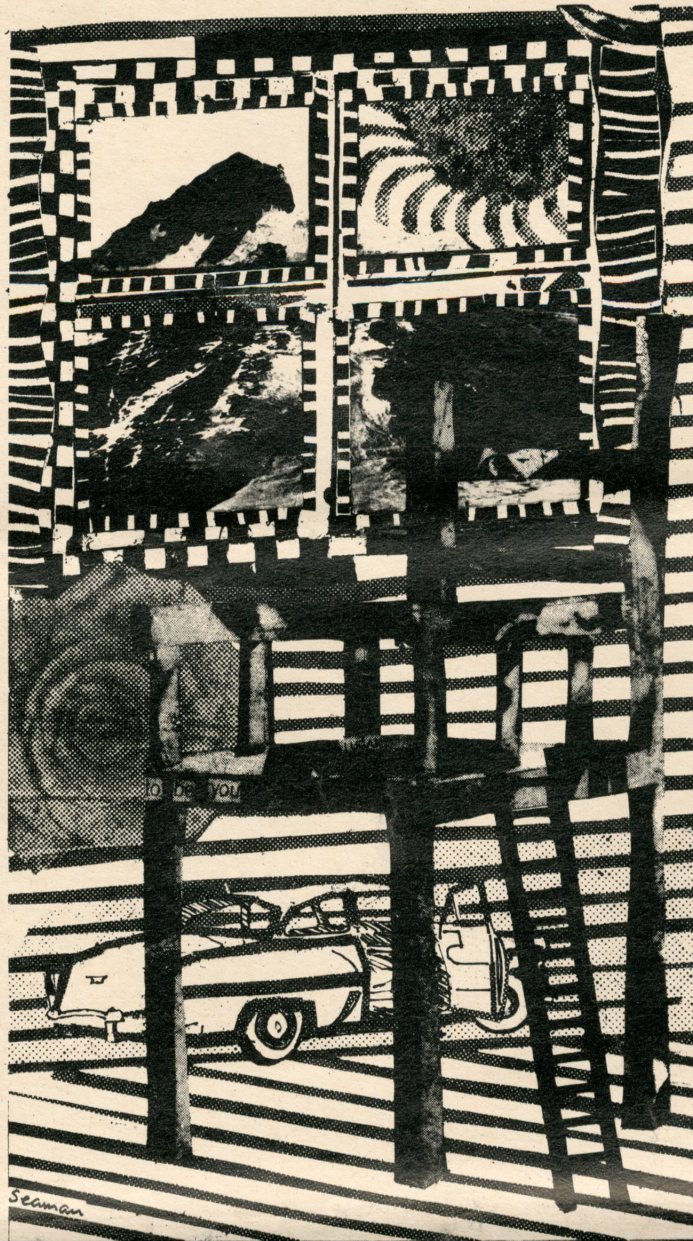


THE FUTURE IS OURS

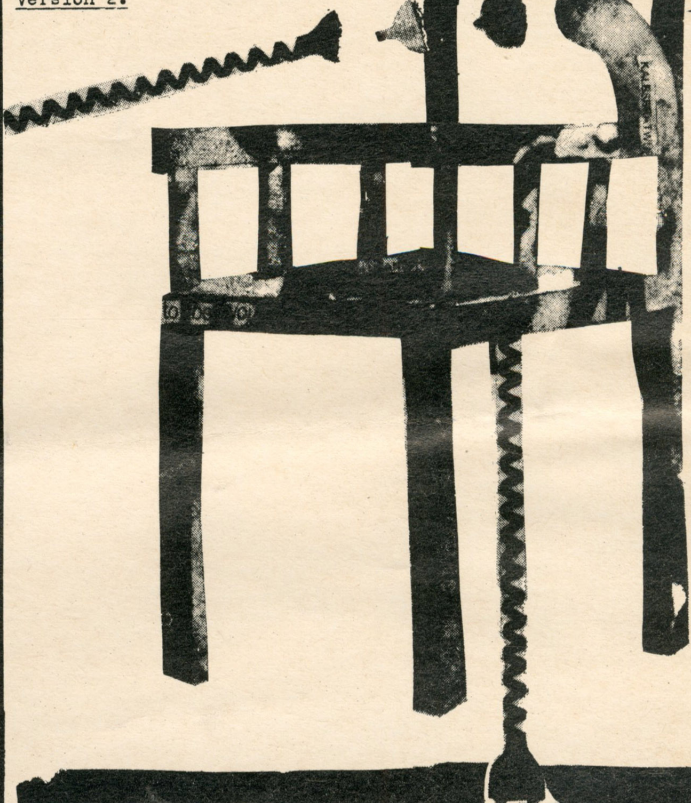
above her upper-lid. She plucks a loose hair from her eyebrow. A tear wells across her lower lid. The meniscus bulges, bursts and sends a fine slither of moisture across her cheek. "Me. Me." She withdraws from the mirror, allowing the teardrop to fall into the tufts of her pubic-hair. Fleur des yeux. The forlorn lamps dripping in the evening fog. "Let in the light. Let in the light." There are no shutters, no tides. His sperm is DRY on the glass of the window. She turns for a moment, seeking connection. There is none. She peers back at the mirror. "Ah you. You." Tremors of light sparkle in the frame of the mirror, tiny rainbows that cascade across the ceiling. There is no one above. "You see? You see?" She stares into the reflection. The space of HER room. Above her bed she has carved WORDS into the plaster.

ACHBAST.
ACHBAST.
INTRAR O.

"Lest I forget." She IS her own silence, departed, this moment. BEYOND. "Be there, be there, be there, be there." "Where? Where in this heaven would I BE?" She withdraws again from the mirror knocking a hairpin from the glass top of the dressing table into the tufts of her pubic-hair. Sol et lumiere. She gently reaches for the hairpin, it slides from her fingers in the moistness of the teardrop. She feels the cold steel in the warmth of her labia, hairs fold into the creased flesh, hard against the softness. She opens the lips and lifts out the hairpin. Little scraps of yellow tissue cling, like lichen to a stone, to the walls of her cunt. TRIM. "NO. At last. NO." She takes the hairpin and carefully picks at the scraps. Each piece that she removes is placed in a small china dish. "I." Occasionally she looks at herself in the mirror and smiles. "I. Yes. I."



EVEREST. AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST SOLO ASCENT. THE DEATH OF IMAGINATION. Version 2.



The incision, made precisely and with great patience, leaves a thin line slightly below the hard outer ring of the nipple. Small droplets of blood form along the line and, on inhalation, are pumped out in minute volumes that trickle across the stomach into the mat of pubic-hair. Three sides of a 1-inch square are cut, containing the now erect nipple. The upper line of the square, which would be the fourth and final, is left untouched. A black nylon thread, similar to button thread, is bound and tightened around the base of the nipple and then twisted tightly to its tip. This process is repeated, by twisting the thread up and down the nipple, until NO FLESH remains exposed except the tip itself. It is by this process of binding and tightening that the nipple may be contorted to a tight protrusion measuring from 1 inch to 2 1/2 inches long. The loose end of the thread should, with the aid of a fine sterilised needle, be drawn through the tip of the nipple and then brought down in a line, across the stomach, to be attached to the genitalia in a similar fashion.

Notes relating to the ascent & conquest. London, Jan 10, 1980.

There were brief moments when I was clear of these dark depths, lost in the clouds, the meadows, the oceans; if I did not recognise the thunder of war, the babel of confusion, the echo of deceit, I most CERTAINLY heard it.

In childhood I swung, in silent horror, against the wall-less space of my unformed brain; back, back, into the infinity that could not be defined but was the UNIVERSE of MAGIC from whence I HAD come. Trickling, engulfing, blotting out my

newly learned PERCEPTION, my memory of PRE-BIRTH was a constant retreat from the awful REALITY that I was being FORCED to accept. The nature of infinity is that it contains ALL, in that WOMEN I un-became.

That light, through constant pressure, faded. The vision was all but lost, the secret gardens of my mind were ploughed over and planted with more human qualities; vanity, greed, possession, falsity, etc. etc. etc. Occasionally that light returned to slide, contorting, through my sullied head, to pass again into the blur. I would lift my head, wishing to hold on to that memory, but it was gone, become unmemory in the conditioned

world of altering FACT. The paradox became an accepted routine, a deep, but unfelt compromise.

Out of the greyness that had now become my days, I sought a greater immortality than the tricks I had been taught. Oh yes, I sat in floral-chairs as I was GIVEN realities, my untutored ears were receptive enough. It was as if those words had wings, as if they somehow flew from mouths to settle on the objects, that in definition, became blessed with existence. So

much that I SAW was left undescribed and became lost in the myriad NAMES that I was given for this and that. I was given trees that rose from the veils of NO-

where, flowers and animals, all looming from the mist, but, above ALL, I was given WALLS. Walls that ran like swollen veins across EVERY landscape that was so

patiently described for MY pleasure. Walls that severed quality from quality, this from that, that from this, fields of bowing wheat, WALLED. Field of swaying lily, WALLED. Field of rank toadstool,



WALLED. Field of animal, fashioned metal, precious stone, facets, multicolours, layers; WALLED. Even the wonders of their TECHNOLOGY were walled. In that there was the whisper of escape; what if ALL else were released. Dreams in the garden, lost in my own WALLS.

I also had described to me the NATURE of OUR ways, personalities each held still, a gesture which was a point of experience, a motion that was a means of exposure. These personalities TOO were caught in the strange static of those walls. Could THEY see beyond THEIR walls to so define MINE? Held in? Held out? I too could CREATE definition, there were flaws in the network in which I was intended to be trapped.

I roamed in this singular castle, within my walls, experiencing NOTHING that had not been exposed to their censure. I was UNABLE in my innocence to see anything BEYOND. Yet prebirth had left its MARK and in that VOID I sought REBIRTH. I float now, lost amongst the peaks, free, ABOVE those landscapes. I see the lewd patterns that have been imposed on this EARTH. I see the frantic business of architecture, lace-works of despair. Behind some of the walls small groups of soldiers squat, some roll cigarettes, some shine their weapons; they cautiously climb to the top of the wall to peer out across the avenues, squares, infinities, of WALL. Where small puffs of smoke rise in the distance, they know that other soldiers sit in defence of something THAT THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN.

In one square I see myself, a retiring form, quite unable to describe the real-

ities that I see from above. Down there I occupy my days with tasks that utilise my hands. Moulding clay. Weaving bamboo or goat hair. Making small piles of stone. Lacing daisy-chains. Crafting crude jewelry from the skeletons of mouse and sparrow. ALONE I have not the WILL to climb these walls. At one time I scuffed

at the soil to build a ramp to the top, but time eroded my desire. I cultivated a muteness believing that I had nothing WORTH saying.

UP HERE, IN THE PEAKS, I AM OPEN-MOUTHED BECAUSE THERE IS NOTHING WORTH NOT SAYING.



CONCEPTION/VIDEO

Conception deception / very much apart of it all in a white cold wave.

The soil is sticky. It holds together and onto the spade when I push it in. Dark, thick, ready for the thin green seedlings. Breathing the cold air, crouching on my heels and moving a little to the next. Fine hair roots, separating leaves pulled apart and laid in rows along the bed. The earth screams me to myself as I split it with the blade. Tiny hands, unspoken vertebrae, the air is solid with their bouncing echoes, my orphan shriek. You say you feel my pain because I'm yours. Fleeshy knot. You say you feel my pain. Say thank you. Who's a lucky lucky lucky. Thank you, say. Thank you.

I was going to paint a picture that day in my self importance. The grass blades aren't all green, and beginning with a black background I made coloured blades, orange, purple, red, blue. It looked dreadful, and nothing like I had in my mind. The picture lay on the table like some awful contemporary design. I felt sick to look at it, it was so horrible. It became important to me that I could produce such a vile image, totally contradictory to the thoughts which had prompted me to begin. The joy I had felt, the excitement of possibility, was turned to mighty despair. The room was dull, I was heavy, my vision was trapped and I felt claustrophobic. The picture curled and the paper buckled as it dried to matt dullness. Chalky surface, old school paint tips in the bottom of the cupboard. Dry and lifeless. It had taken me most of the day to paint. I felt I could never trust those materials ever again. The drop of my spirit was too much to play with. I took the picture and put it on the fire, then it lit up real in the heat, real in the charmy black tissue and throbbing glow. I broke the crisp sheet to flaky ash with the poker. Where do I go from here?

When the colours of this planet burn through my eyes, then I am an alien. Then I can hear the language by which I make myself understood, as the language of our self destruction. All common references the support blocks of a system which holds our eyes, closed. Steil vision. I see them running, clutching smiling, denying their pain. I see their tiredness and disillusion. They look at me. Smile. Smile, yellow stamped red. SMILE today SMILE. my heart smile. A 15p ticket buys a three hour journey from Nottingham Gate to Liverpool Street on the Central line, where the brightly papered station walls reinforce our education, with language that they've stunted, twisted, printed and thrown back as insults to our possibilities. I shall spend three hours here, tired, sweaty, dusty, walking the empty platforms, adding my surface to theirs. Who are these civilized savages? Stealers of life, capitalising our instincts. Making and masking decay with their paper thin existents.

A quick flick. They manifest their fear to me, disguised as my answer. Tricky. This time I choose to be insulted. I am not fooled. I carefully cut with a sharp blade a new stencil to fit. Buy two cans of matt black cellulose and spray paint, the practicalities of my objections. I stink of clammy sweat, vulnerable in their game that forces us apart in order to sell us back to each other. We laugh and cough to cover the noise of the spray. It sounds loud in the echoing spaces. A group of disco girls, teashirts knotted at the hip, slit skirts, clouded by scent, out for this night. (Underneath were all lovable). The child has seduction in her hands. The child has destruction in his hands. The game is easy to learn. You glue the sky with words. You plaster name, description, use, report, proof for future reference across our surfaces. You take a partner, and you play for your portion. Patriot. Who forces my hand? Who seems to want me captive? Who's afraid of my freedom. I think I think that there's none. It's all of us, insulting, taking insult, being told and telling, protectors and protected, oppressors and oppressed. We've long forgotten the reasons why and found a security in the illusions.

The room was for a child, a child's bedroom, a dark pinkish colour that looks like flesh until it's on the skin. It needed painting to be bright. It was very high, the ceiling, a high narrow room, and a

DON'T YOU TIRE OF THIS
OF THESE INSULTS? SHIT?

CEPTION POSSESSION

square window with plain glass, in the wall, about twelve feet above the bed. There's nothing to see through it except a grey wall and some metal shape, perhaps guttering. So because the buildings blocked the sky, the window gave in little light. I felt that it was going to be difficult to make this a happy room for a child to awaken to in the morning. It had no feeling of warmth or friendliness. It would be hard work just to stop its oppression. The window was the worst, it was so high it made me feel like a helpless baby, unable to reach the things I wanted. If I felt this then surely a child would find it worse, even higher. Perhaps if the bed were built right up, so that whatever the view from the window, at least it could be seen. Anything looked at can change and become exciting in different lights. Brick walls, patches of plaster, maybe if I could get up there the sky would be visible. Yes, I would build a bed, really big, near the ceiling, like a second floor, the room was high enough to contain it. I felt hopeful and excited. It would be beautiful when I had finished. You couldn't expect a child to survive in the room as it was, though it probably would. I looked at the walls, dark, thick, elastoplastic pink. There was some green cheap material hanging over two of them. Stripy, slightly shiny, dirty and faded. I pulled it hard, and it fell quickly, being only tacked lightly along the top. Underneath were two big windows, both looking over an enormous blindingly bright summer coloured garden. The sort you can see illustrating old children's books. The fairies dance, and the whole world is softly contained within their beautiful perimeters.

On screen today, I would take any of those securities. I'd have central heating in my home because I'm cold. I'd have a tidy family, a husband who was faithful. What have I thrown, all of it have I? A piece of torn earth. What dreadful security is it I have for myself? Glue the sky with words, bind the wind. Plaster name description, use, report, proof for future reference across our surfaces. What have I thrown, all of it, have I? I thought I'd left a place to hide, but it's known up with all the other junk. It's a grey day today and everyone seems hostile, alien, where's my sanity. The faces pass the other side of the window and I see their tiredness and disillusion. In solitary indecent splendor, I scratch my way to you.

When I opened the door there was nothing to see. The sand was empty of people, the sea was grey, pieces of breakwater, stones, but no person there at all. I felt myself deserting to fill those spaces and I walked out across the road, across the pavement, down steps, measured foot falls. Here were some shells, more stones, metal can rings, cigarette butts, plastic bag, not enough.

I picked up a pretty shell, pink fluted edges, and rubbed it between my greasy fingers, gritty sand. Perfect but not enough. I look at the sea, grey to the grey sky. I tell myself it is wonderful, this sea this sky. I tell myself how deep it is, how far away, what wonders it holds. The ideas chew my head, and I push for something else. The shell still in my fingers won't go past my eyes, the sea won't go past them either, all so separate from me. I walked to the edge of the sea, thick creamy, dirty yellow foam on my shoes. An empty polythene bag pulled in and pushed out with the stones, rattling. I threw the shell into the sea. A man and a dog on a lead come down the steps, onto the beach, and we try to look at each other.



CONCEPTION/DECEPTION POSSESSION

Conception deception / very much apart of it all in a white coral wave.

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DON'T YOU TIRE OF THESE INSULTS? SHIT?





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Lips clamped tightly together. Ruby-red fleshy lips that I am used to seeing gleaming lipstick, now laboriously pumped through with thin purple blood. BLOOD FROM THE ABDOMINAL REGIONS IS COLLECTED UP BY THE PORTAL VEIN AND CONVEYED TO THE LIVER. A thin, cold line, almost without a parting. Lips fused together indicating that they would open no more to speak, only to suck in short sharp gulps of air. Strands of mucus saliva bar the way to coated teeth and stenching breath. Skin elastic but not taught, rejecting it's normal form, no longer moulding to muscle and bone-structure, but hanging back from the nose, cheek-bones and front of jaw, to fall in yellow folds beneath eye-sockets and ears. THE LIVER REDUCES NUCLEO PROTEINS TO URIC ACID WHICH IS SECRETED INTO THE URINE. The elements that normally contribute to make a recognisable face and head are now entirely separate. Hair, thin and lank, greasy from not being washed during the illness (and from the body's general inability to balance its process of secretion) bears no relation to the forehead. Hair, eyes, ears and mouth, bloated and stagnant, now have no personality to present. THE LIVER PROVIDES HEPARIN AND FIBRINOGEN WHICH PREVENT THE BLOOD FROM COAGULATING, IT ALSO STORES LARGE AMOUNTS OF BLOOD IN THE SPLEEN. A thin membrane of glutinous sweat is all that relates them to each other. THE LIVER RELEASES A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF HEAT THROUGH THE MANY CHEMICAL PROCESSES THAT IT PERFORMS. The sweat does not flow as during a normal illness, (a fever), but works its way up through the skin and remains in the same place, forming another layer under itself, such is its oily quality. It smells like fever sweat, but the smell is unrelenting, unhealthy, terminal. THE LIVER DEAMINATES THE AMINO ACIDS AND DESATURATES AND BREAKS DOWN ABSORBED FATS, CONVERTING GALACTOSE AND FRUCTOSE INTO GLUCOSE. Unlike the sac (sterile and clean) which hangs from an operation gash in the soft stomach flesh over the left hip, the body had ceased to purify its contents. A muddy discharge oozes into the sac, (soiling the dressing which is changed twice in every hour) and fills it out, so that it quickly loses its functional appearance, and takes on that of the near corpse by which it is being fed. The hands are the only other naked appendages outside the bed clothes. Folded over each other in a mock gesture of serenity. Also tight clasped, knuckles white with strain, half moons now disappearing now furiously recut in the palm by digging finger nails. As elsewhere the wrinkled skin on the finger joints has lost its elasticity, and lies in dry folds, dislocated, to the sides of the bones.

Scattered notes in wirey hand writing lie to the side of the bed. Even these feeble means of communication apprehension are now not physically possible. Blood mucus and pain. Three motions a day, Normal? Nausea and breathlessness. Cough, throaty. Dry mouth. Pain in right arm. If pain gets unbearable, What then? St. Peter's Hospice. Home visits? Sore under ribs. Dressing and discharge? Am only taking three anadins a day? - other drugs last too long. If I get a bad pain, WHAT CAN I DO?

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All facades of dress speech and emotion. I am here now opposite the starched shirt. I stand in my considered apparent riches. They are but meaningless assertions of power and status. We all have riches deeper, yet both are constantly tainted by compliance to the surface. I am here now, worming under the trivial quips, respectable snide asides, decoration masks, and wonder how far they cover. I feel anger but it gets no further than a point just above my stomach. I will not be sucked in. The facade remains intact, the surface unbroken, from both sides.

The door bell rings / tolls, punctuating the morbid waiting. A pungent smell, sweet and sour, pervades the four rooms. Stunted bright white walls. Tiled floor. Open plan. The fire is consumed by the frigidity surrounding it. have repeatedly made representations to the Home Secretary two years ago its a Sitting amongst the flowers. Six down, four, seven, two YOUR NUMBERS UP. They choose to ignore the connection.

Oblivious of the scrubbed surfaces, sink waste disposal unit, white enamel automatic washing machine and tumble dryer, white enamel deep freeze and refrigerator, open weave cloth blinds shielding from the outside eye, rare steak, plastic peas and instant potatoes in split eye level twin oven cooker, bulk cleaning fluids, detergent, disinfectant, scouring powder, hygienic pink ribbed rubber gloves syringes, discharge sacs, urine bags and vacuum formed tablet bottles, the body lies rotting in the bed, giving off the vile odour, and they stand clutching over ripe fruit and wilting flowers, smelling to cover the smell, remembering it. Rotten sweet rotten sour. Pink and yellow peaches split skins and stain through floral tissue paper onto orange vinyl table top, to complement the sweat stained floral patterned night gown. He fumbles for the tab, then rips the cellophane from the once again floral cardboard box. From it he withdraws a prelubricated tube consisting of tampon and its telescopic container, applicator, made up of an outer

insertion tube and an inner plunger tube. With thumb and forefinger he grasps the outer tube where it joins the inner tube. Parting the lips he inserts the tampon into the vaginal opening, placing his forefinger over the end of the inner tube in order to hold the withdrawal cord in place. He knows that it will not be necessary to withdraw the tampon until the vagina and every other orifice is stuffed with cotton wool to prevent the flow of the less regular discharges that make themselves apparent at death. He presses the inner plunger tube into the outer tube with the same forefinger thus injecting the tampon. His hands never touched it or the body. For the last time he had insured correct and hygienic placement.

I leave through the heavy velvet curtain in an attempt to find alleviation.
A BOTTLE GOES DOWN WELL. PUT OUT THE FIRE. LIGHT MY FIRE. A LOCAL CALL GOES A LONG WAY. ONE OF A FEW PRIVILEGES LEFT TO MAN.....

"Do you mind, its my one evil, well I mean- its my weekly visit to my mums. Well you know, its one of those things you do, dont you?"
"He had a choice of schools at the time. He had a friend at the new one, but it was further away" "OH yes" "Yes, yes you do dont you" "Well it becomes automatic." "So we sent him to the closer of the two. Hes happy enough there." "Yes its better like that"

"Well, I think iys better." "Yes, thats right, its better." REMEMBER REMEMBER STOCKPILE "OH dear, call it all to mind. No. No. You feel all out of routine." "Mmmm." "Lovely car." "I dont know what hes going to do." "Here Ill show you some pictures.

Alan and Pat- some of them didnt come out. Thats me, and theres the back of my head. OH I hate photographs." "Nice." "This is my friend, and this is my niece." "Nice." "They're the two that are engaged, she'll have him right under her thumb." "Will you donate to the missionaries fund, who have centres throught the West. They take people off the streets and teach them a more caring attitude towards life." "Yes, thats right, its better like that, clean."

I return through the heavy velvet curain, the body is dead.

In the grate, a noisy gas firelighter labours over burning a wad of used wet cotton wool, coughing and spluttering, as if conscious of the distaste felt when it is noticed. Air fresheners hang from the angular light fitments, but are ineffectual, merely increase the thick stench of rotting fruit flesh and disinfectant. Still succulent flowers flow in. (Dead upon observation, even before they

were torn from the soil. They droop now in the hot room, the atmosphere too heavy for the blooms to hold their heads, ashamed of the abuse). "As a token of our unfailing love". What is this love, a love of death? Unfailing, unquestioned? PAY RESPECT. Her death

you looking at her alive. Your death you looking at her alive. You life you looking at it dead? PAY RESPECT, the morbid inspection

parade. "I feel sorrow from the depths of my soul". "I have fond memories of the happy times we spent together". These reminiscences substantiate your own death. Lest we forget.

After many tests he came to
The bell rings again. Two men in black suits and ties, smelling of acrid cigarette smoke, having just finished smoking outside the

door, enter through the heavy velvet curtain. Small patches of sweat show through the armpits of their white nylon shirts. In the

room upstairs they pull back the covers to check that no atrocities have been performed on the body that would prevent them from

carrying out their duty. Having, with difficulty, moved the bed to afford access to the side of the body, they transfer it onto a

white paper sheet, under which is a canvas stretcher bag, on the floor. The body is spreadeagled and they duly re-arrange the

limbs in a dignified position, legs out straight, together, arms to the sides, hands crossed over chest. Covering the body, including

the head, with another white paper sheet, they bind it into the bag with thick leather straps. They carry the package downstairs,

faces flushed, beads of sweat forming on their brows, and transfer it onto a collapsible trolley the legs of which spring into

place when the upper section is raised from the floor. Official documents are filled in and stamped. They leave through the curtain,

"If you would just like to take a seat, I'll see you in two minutes." Eye contact avoided. The rubber plant is dry. Large green

leaves turn to yellow. Out of sight behind the expanse of dark mahogany desk a motor company calender discreetly advertises

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"Thanks for your help son, your support son." What son. I am not yours, never was, never shall be. Your me died through the same

exclusive love, at birth. We are all apart. I feel no attachment. No loss. Her life was as a mother to me, now no-one mothers me. Who

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me, now, no past, no future. To you, that I has never been. I can see you behind your mask, will you let me see? Will you see me? I can

see you people, you can see me. Will you stop defiling yourselves, will we stop defiling each other.

"I feel so deeply for you and your family.
Your distress must be dreadful. I pray that
you will be given the strength to endure the
the days ahead, and know from whence
it comes. I am one of the many who are weeping.
With my deepest sympathy."

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Sitting amongst the flowers.Six down,four,seven,two YOUR NUMBERS UP.They choose to ignore the connection. Secretary two years ago its a Oblivious of the scrubbed surfaces,sink waste disposal unit,white enamel automatic washing machine and tumble dryer,white enamel deep freeze and refrigerator,open weave cloth blinds shielding from the outside eye,rare steak,plastic peas and instant potatoes in split eye level twin oven cooker,bulk cleaning fluids,detergent,disinfectant,scouring powder,hygienic pink ribbed rubber gloves syringes,discharge sacs,urine bags and vacuum formed tablet bottles,the body lies rotting in the bed,giving off the vile odour, and they stand clutching over ripe fruit and wilting flowers,smelling to cover the smell,remembering it.Rotten sweet rotten sour. Pink and yellow peaches split skins and stain through floral tissue paper onto orange vinyl table top,to complement the sweat stained floral patterned night gown.He fumbles for the tab,then rips the cellophane from the once again floral cardboard box. From it he withdraws a prelubricated tube consisting of tampon and its telescopic container,applicator,made up of an outer

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anti-war